Let by-gones be by-gones; if by gones were clouded By aught that occasions a pang of regret, O let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded; 'Tis wise and tis kind to forgive and forget. Let by-gones be by-gones, and good be extracted From ill over which it is folly to fret;

The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted, The kindest are those who forgive and forget Let by-gones be by-gones; O cherish no longer The thought that the sun of affection has set; Eclipsed for a moment its rays will be stronger

If you like a Christian forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by gones, your heart will be lighter, When kindness of yours with reception has met; The flame of your love will be purer and brighter If, God-like, you strive to forgive and forget, Let by-gones be by-gones; O purge out the leaven

To others, who, craving the mercy of Heaven, Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget. Let by gones be by gones; remember how deeply To Heaven's forbearance we all are in debt; Value God's infinite goodness too chesply, Who heed not the precept "forgive and forget."

Of malice, and try an example to set

STELLA.

Just at that moment there was nothing in the universe between Vega Lyra and me. I lay out there among the rocks at the foot of the shrubs, where the wind was blowing the everything else as I thought of her with that other way, the sea rustling up the shingle far | wretch in all those scenes. "Never! And below in the soft, melancholy summer night. if you persist in going, I warn you now that Summer-night should not be melancholy, it is the last request. I shall consider everyexcept as melancholy always follows on the thing between us at an end!" And before trail of exceeding beauty, in our sensation another word could be said, Mr. Rittener with the effort of the finite to approach the and De Luyster and Florence and Percival infinite, perhaps. But all nights, in effect, were at our side, the servants were hurrying and days, too, were melancholy then to down with luggage, the horses were prancing me; the world a desolation since Stella went at the gate. There was a moment of confu-

If she had not gone as she did, I said to ery, and then, whether she would or not, surlaunched on the luxury of the most luxurious sea-side life? She was a village maiden, and had not been so much admired in the country town, where redder color and blacker eyes and thicker hair were more to the rustic taste. But when I went to Hillside. as the headquarters of my sketching-ground, the satisfaction of beauty from my soul; the it seemed to me that fairer hues, and finer | sun shone and the skies were blue, but the found; delicate as some chiseled statue, color, but the great yacht bending and bowing over such as that statue might have if it just the waters, a shining phantom by day, a pale began to breathe and blush, and silky hair ghost by night; visions of the luxurious life, as soft as a child's, with tendril-like rings. | the dance music, the flowers, the feasting. In three months' time, the airy, perfect being | and in it all my Stella and that man; when had promised to be my wife whenever the the deep, delicious dusk shut them in, rocking good taste of patrons should so increase that on from billow to billow, under the towering my pictures would shelter two, and mean- of the great shadowy sails, under the pow-while we kept the story of our passion to dery splendor of the stars, Stella and that ourselves-the sweeter secret.

Life sped on that year with rainbowed By the end of the third day I was wrought wings; the future stretched bright as a to a pitch of madness. I felt myself justified dream; the present was pure joy.

friends at Newport, once the summer board- her again. I abandoned her to her fate. I inch of canvas to be taken in, and the Vic- rich. She recognized my chum, who was nothing like it, except an encore. When we head taller than you, and two or three of ers of Hillside, but now the owner of a villa all peaks and gables and verandas, set amidst lawns and fountains and vases overflowing with flowers, on the edge of the sea—a palace with flowers, on the edge of the sea—a palace masquerading as a cottage. A shadow then seemed to overspread the heavens with its evil-wings, and the gloom of it was scarcely or those same reets when their horns tore the lifted by the letters that came telling of the angry waters into fleece, stretch after stretch gay life. One day I followed down behind of storm drowning out the staggering masts, her, and established myself-Newport was and yet again the placid down of the ruddy one of my old haunts, and I had known how day, about them as the long waves creamed to be happy there once. I did not know how to be happy there now. I had scarcely a moment of Stella to myself. If I went to Mrs. Rittener's in the morning, a throng of be-ribboned damsels sat on the wide porches encirclinng Stella; they learned a song, they ment the day she forsook this painter of pic-practiced a new dance together, and, with a tures for that imbecile wealth. And all at group of dandies, young millionaires, and at- once I turned the canvass to the wall; my retary, Mr. Scott, was shot dead, and soon morrow. Of course we went! It didn't mattaches of foreign legations, they did a little heart was breaking. of the Boccacio and Watteau life. In the | The Flight had been due on the midnight afternoon I found the horses at the gate. | tide. Of course, had Stella signified the wish, Breakfasts fetes champetres, matinees, dasan- she would have been there-would have tes, bathing, driving, yachting, filled one day | been there even earlier. The day drew on after another, and Stella was the joyous to nightfall. Other sails drew nuddling in, thing round which everything seemed to cir-cle. It was a new life to her. She knew it fleets made anchor and found haven from did not belong to her; that it was a leaf bor- the gathering storm; but the there was no rowed from the existence of others; that she sign of the Flight. The roaring East wind must go back to quiet duties and restricted came driving all the mists across the land, pleasures. It was like reading some delicious the world was wrapped in rain. All night romance-she reveled in it now, and gave no the tempest raged, swept across the gardens. heed to the time when it should come to an and beat down the blossoms on the terraces

end.

But I—I of course, did not recognize this;
I saw her like a butterfly hovering over fresh gust; all night the land shook with its perfume, all a la folie; and every day of it lay off in the low eastern sea, a zephyr only Sailing close to the larboard side of the Budow, I could see her alone on the lawn in storm had been an evil dream. her white gown, strolling to lean over the But it was no dream -the coast was strewn sea, or filling her arms with flowers; but it with wrecks; more than one corpse among ing the quarter-deck with Hardy, their walk would have been out of the question to go to the rocks and weeds looked up with blank being bounded aft by the wheel, and forward her then; and late at night, if I waited eyes to the morning light. There was a by the companion-ladder. The distance was until others had departed, I was harrassed glorious sea on, and crowds were out sur- only about 25 feet, and it was here, when the his jeunesse epuisee, his title, castle, jewels, and and all the "remainder," to any one No one had spoken her; and search the to be covered by his handkerchief, in order among them who chanced to be lovely and horizon with burning eyes, no sign of her adroit enough to take his fancy; or Mr. white sail, her golden pennon, was to be Burleigh, the pork contractor, who owned | seen. half Illinois; or a score of others, in tact, to And day followed day the same. And a the tried experience of each of whom Stella | thrill of horror went to more hearts than was like some spirit wandering out of a one at the thought of the gay party going strange land, just alit for a moment among down with flags flying, and the world that them. I knew in my heart that Stella was had known them suspended for a while its faithful to her love, but all of this disquieted | festivity, or turned its mourning into pleasand kept me in a turmoil, and there was no one of all the suitors that so filled me with search, putting into harbor every sundown

Utterly worn out in the fierce pursuit of doubt had settled into certainty, and the pleasure as he was, and knowing all I did about him, to see him address my little girl was profanation; and when I furiously watched them in the waltz, the light touch of De Luyster, the solemn stiffness dash of De Luyster, the solemn stiffness "Ah, yes! A moon—" of his hand seemed sacrilege. For some in- of scrutable reason, or rather from my very ed, indeed, that airy vision of unreverence for her. I could not speak freely real beauty whose abscence made the place on the matter; I could not even harbor the a desert; at least it did to me. The Rittener idea of making him the subject of my sec-ond thought in her innocent mind. If glances clouds blowing from the windows, no longer could have killed the man, he would have with gay groups upon its lawn, seemed to been stabbed to death; the rest I endured in mock the blooming of the flowers that lifted

ilence. their scarlet and gold azure gaily as ever to the indifferent skies from bed and vase and flashing beside De Luyster as he drove his urn. four-in-hand; to see her strolling with him in the moonlight, and pausing to listen to the murmur of the sea; to see him hand her to the deck of his yacht as if she were its queen; no matter if a crowd were with him, it always seemed to me that she was there on the wide sea alone with him.

It was concerning this accursed yacht that sir, and follow such suit," he said. "Ben all the trouble came. Mrs. Rittener and her Burnharm was never at the hellum for retinue of youths and maidens were to go out with De Luyster sailing along the coast some days. His yacht was his pet fancy.

nothing. When Ben Burnham piloted in Boston Bay, and knew he couldn't make Highland Light, he put her hellum hard She had spread her wings and flown across down and scud for the Atlantic in I don't know how few days, He was in blue water before and from truck to keelson she was altogether | the first whisper of that gale, sir, and perfect. Doubtless I could have gone along he's been there before and often, in like cases; had I chosen, but there were not forces in and when he is, he heads for the Bermudias, nature sufficient to have drawn me on board | sir. And you'll be finding where the Flight

"Not going?" cried Stella, coming down to me in her blue yachting dress and broad hat, with the fair hair waving round her sweet face- a sea-nymph in disguise.

"Certainly not!" I said. "And I should greatly prefer that you remained at home." "I?" she cried in gay astonishment. "Why, how could I, dear? I couldn't, you know. The sail is given for me. I wish you would go."

"Go!" I answered her in scorn. She looked at me in amazement. "Why do you speak so?" she said.

"I mean nothing, except to insist that you shall not join that party.

rude and unkind, and he is always so kind Where was she? In what upper regions, to me, it would not even be decent; and then you know how Mrs. Rittener-" "Confound Mrs. Rittener! What do I up awkward, and the idle thought came, as care for her? I care for you. I won't have idle thoughts alight on one perhaps in the you compromised by this fellow's addresses. very death struggle, that at that moment

"Never!" I cried, like the brute I was,

rage and bitterness getting the better of

Well, what days, what hateful days, they

were that followed! Of course, I did not

ing about the island with my sketching book.

But all the glory had gone from nature, all

ling, do come!"

man together!

"Your future wife can take care of her shone over me. own good name," said Stella; then softly and Did great blue stars have faces, then fair gravely with a lovely dignity that for a mo- faces with faint rose-flushes, with soft baby ment quelled me. "I can not see" she re- hair blowing round them, with tears, with sumed, breaking the short silence, the sur- eves like stars themselves, with lips full of prise not yet all gone from her eyes, "why warm fragrant kisses? Did stars descend you will not go yourself? Just think how out of the far night sky and fashion themperfect it is, dear," and her face began to selves into such creations as this sweet and kindle, "sweeping out under the great sobbing thing that all at once I held in my white sails in the sunshine, beneath pulsating arms? Had I gone wild myself, blue sky and over blue sea, with or did any great blue star of all in Heaven music and dancing and the glorious wind- wear Stella's face? and sunset at sea—and the little young moon sailing along beside us; and then the star- with my wife's hand in mine, when old Ben. way to secure one, just for a relish—so I said: "Your husband seems to have no ear

I will not have the good name of my future | there was nothing in the universe between

light, dear, when the dark is overhead and Simpson looked up from his nets, over which smiled amiably and lay back among the for music!" "Why do you think him my husunderneath, and we seem to be floating sus- | we had nearly tumbled, and, grinning, touchpended in mystery! And then, at last, the ed his forelock. "You see, I told you, sir," sunrise, after the dawning, all purple and said he, "there was no need to worry with rose, and all the dewyness of morning at sea. | Ben Burnham at the hellum!" I was out once with Mrs. Rittener. Oh, dar-

what regions of light? I opened my eyes

as I lay there in the evening dusk gazing

me and Lyra Vega. The great blue star

An Old Story Re-told.

[London Telegraph.] Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson was a great sea captain if ever one lived. When, on the 15th his birthday to take command of the Mediterranean fleet, he meant fighting. There was no suspicion of hesitation in his tactics. The force under him consisted of 27 sail of the line and 4 frigates, which he withdrew from the vicinity of Cadiz to a station 16 or leagues to the Westward, "in sion, some protestations, I fancied, some out- the hope of inducing the enemy to put to sea." These were the days of myself when the first fire fell; but what was rounded by the others, and all taken for dash and manhood, and great must have one to expect of a young girl suddenly granted, she was in the carrriage, and they been Nelson's exhultation when, on the morning of October 21, just at daybreak, the combined French and Spanish fleets, consisting of 33 sail of the line and seven leave the place, and I spent the time moonfrigates, were seen ahead to leeward, 12 miles. The admiral lost no time, forbefore 12 the British fleet, in two lines, was bearing down on the crescent shaped position of the enemy, and then it was that Nelson hoisted lines and more ethereal beauty I had never | world was a wilderness. I could see nothing | the signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty." The only fear was that the enemy might run for refuge, therefore Nelson notified to collingwood, "I intend to pass through the van of the enemy's line to prevent him from getting into Cadiz." There was an affectionate anxiety about the impetuosity and determination of the command-Temeraire should go ahead of the Victory, in | There were hoops of gold in her ears. She case that vessel might draw the principal at- | was of that type that may even carry the | in my wrath—openly defled, my tenderest time he had clearly no intention of allowing evident, in spite of the drapery, which was, breathed forth with startling brilliancy the be 10 great gals in that school, and most of service, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school In the second year Stella went to visit feelings outraged. I said I should never see any such thing, for he would not permit an perhaps, like the jewels of the lady, over- wine song in Girofle. There is positively em are good gals, too. Now, some are a at 9 a.m. ance almost at the same instant. "What light, that just suited the time and place. would Nelson give to be here!" exclaimed We might have called her Venice, but we the enviable position of his friend, Nelson | Blank-Blank, a queen of the Adriatic. In 10

ries his ship into action." But at 20 minutes past noon the Victory ly, but in 20 minutes more we were enemies was in the thick of the fight. Scarcely a for life. Look out for false colors when you are minute after the ship got within range, sev- cruising in strange seas! In 10 minutes she en or eight ships opened a terrible and de- had sent the blood whizzing all over us and structive fire upon her. The admiral's sec- and made us promise to dine with her on the the mizzen topmast of the Victory was car- ter to us that the gossips in the American ried away, and also her wheel, necessitating | colony were dumb in the presence of this the process of steetin by the relieving tackles | lady, blind to whatever physical advantages below. Yet no hail of fire destroyed the she was possessed of, and were secretly seek-Victory's sails were hanging in ribands; she had lost full 50 men killed and wounded: but soon it was her turn to begin. Determined to pass under the stern of the Bucentaureas the only mode of breaking the line. French ship heeled two or three streaks on receiving it. All this time Nelson was pac-

Heading Off a Lawyer. Rufus Choate, in an important marine

assault and battery-at-sea case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship Challenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour, that at last Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries. At the beginning of his testimony Dick But when 10 days had passed, with most had said that the night was "dark as the

"Yes, a full moon." "Did you see it?"

load. "Well don't you be any man's fool,

they've been rambling over the Bermudias

while they've been eating your heart out, sir."

Poor fool! At that moment I stooped to

pull a bit of sea-weed, a ribbon of the dulse

from the wave breaking at my feet-it was

There was nothing more to say, I held it

the little golden pennon of the Flight!

"Not a mite." "Nautical almanac said so, and I'll be-

night, sir?"

"And so they are giving up the flight, I hear," said old Simpson, the lobster man, as I wandered down the beach I haunted all "Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what day long, and where he had looked up at me so often with reass ring eyes, as he latitumended his nets or tumbled out his wiggling tor." latitude and longitude you crossed the equa-

"Sho, you're joking?" "No, sir! I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shan't." "Ah, you refuse to answer, do you?" "Yes-I can't."

"Indeed! You are a chief mate of a clipper ship, and unable to answer so simple a ques-"Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever was asked in my life. Why, I thought every tool

of a lawyer knew there air't no latitude on comes in, with all her linen stretched, that | the equator.' That shot fleored Rufus Choate.

How to Return a Favor. An old Scotchman was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength up before his gaping face. The world turned | to raise it, being an aged man, but he saw a black-I reeled away, and hid myself that horseman riding along, and thought he would day. My darling! My darling! While I had been painting these treacherous seas, she had be a nobleman who lived in a castle hard by, down their black depth-and with ask a favor of him. But the nobleman was for her sweet sake. I held out my arm to | cap and said: "My lord, how shall I ever nothingness; my heart beat with mere pangs. thank you for your kindness?" "Very that my chum and I were still unwedded;

AN ADRIATIC QUEEN.

Charles Warren Stoddard Visits a Fair Venetian-Fascinations of a Countess.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The young fellow turned sharply upon me

A Meeting of Gondolas at Sunset-A Delightful Dinner-Married in Spite of Herself, Etc.

as the gondola drifted away in the subset, and said: "It is astonishing that you have not she lingered botanizing. I had pressed for- who had emerged into "tail coats," and met her before!" He said it with an air of | ward to escape the echoes, the deafenreproof that thrilled me with joy. If there ing and distracting echoes which are is one thing that I enjoy more than another, it is a bitter reproof,-I would go out of my cushions, while we drifted farther and farther away from the enchantress who had bidden us to dinner on the day following. My chum drove one day to a famous old inn in York and I had dined early, and we were taking the air on the lagoon, as was our custom. Venice is never lovelier than at sunset in mild of September, 1805, he hoisted his flag on for Giovanni was in love with the cobbler's his next interrogation. It was with difficulty board the Victory, and arrived off Cadiz on | daughter, a bead stringer who lived in our calle, and he dreamed over the oar and looked like a gondolier in a picture-highly ornamental, but of little use. A gondola ap- | pleasant custom in that conventional land to proached us noiselessly; it might have been never have known the difference, for the are all alike. Yet we instinctively gravitated toward the black, funereal barge, and could friend and ordered hot water, for it was our not pass it without coming within reach of its low gunwale. The rain-proof felse had been removed; in its stead was a canopy with Algerine stripes and heavy fringes to compose ourselves over a cup of teathat fluttered in the soft breeze. Under Scotch tea. The next morning, upon openthe canopy sat, or rather reclined, a lady in | ing my door, I missed the customary jug, her prime, whose contour and pose were sug-gestive of the luxurious East. She was beautiful, sensuous, seductive; her face was scarcely concealed under a white veil thickly than common; at her door stood two jugs of given out that there will be no board starred with gold; her eyes were pansy pur- hot water-no wonder that I missed mine. wanted in District No. 5 after the first ple; her lips vermilion; her hair fell in masses about her forehead, and was gathered | fifth act of a melodrama! I turned to our in a loose knot at the top of her head, where host after relating these experiences; he was if we can't think of some way to help day-school at 9 a. m.

it was secured with

was determined to make it hotter. The most charming. Her palazzo was one of THE ODDEST IN VENICE. Our gondolier slid under a low bridge, which was the land entrance to the court, and threaded the most-for so the canal seemed bright flowers, as light, as purposeless, as shock; all night the sea replied; and when at lovely, dancing in the beam, drinking the last day dawned, great racks of pearly cloud there was scarcely space for her to go clear. a garden, which was a wild wilderness of maddened me one degree more than the last. moved from the South, and all the sapphire centaure, the Victory poured in such a well-blazed above and blazed below, as if the directed and tremendous broadside that the lawn in storm had been an evil dream that rose garden. From the garden to the old Count Montmorenci, who, fascinated by again come sweeping into harbor with all but gained when Nelson was compelled to go room was spacious and furnished the beauties of America, was about to give sail set, a tower of snow and light, with the below. In that dreadful moment he thought sparsely, as is too often the case in Italy -though this defect is pardonable in a music-room. A grand piano stood in window overhanging the garden; a divan stretched from pedestal to pedestal under the fixed gaze of two marble nymphs; busts and medallions were upon the walls. The floor, of concrete, a polished surface resembling mottled marble. But for a profusion of Persian rugs, these floors would be intolerable in the frigid winters of Northern Italy. With a spirit which I had not looked for in our hostess; she charmed us until dinner was announced. Did we like music? She played

to melodies as FULL OF COLOR

"Then, how do you know there was a as are his rhymes. Poetry? We turned the leaves of a small volume containing the effusions of this delightful lady. The poems were lieve that sooner than any lawyer in the happily Swinburnean, bound in blue and world." She led my chum into ecstacies "What was the principal luminary that of art. A portfolio of her sketches were produced—bold studies from nature, betraying a startling knowledge of anatomy. A count-"What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?"

"Be similar in the stimular of an anatomy. A count—worthy the title; and how well she spoke of the inestimable advantage of an anatomy. A count—worthy the title; and how well she spoke of the inestimable advantage. at the Belle Arti, where with infinite pains and indomitable courage, she had gained admittance. Her sculptures adorned the palace. Her studio was an evidence of her industry. A mountain of clay in a desert of plaster of Paris, around and over which was strewn the wreck of the human frame. Her studies were original. For an Ophelia she had sought the asylum, where there are scores of them, and, singing to one of those mad virgins, she to be seen dripping from its trunk in such held her spellbound, while with deft fingers the sculptress fashioned a graven image out of clay. For a dving child, a tiny skeleton sunken in a hollow bed, she hung over the original in one of the hospital wards. Chatting upon every topic that presented itself, she turned from one language to another in search of the exact shade of the meaning she wished to convey; but ner preference was Italian as whose is not who has once mastered that romantic tongue? We drew up to the cosy table. Dinner for four. A sedate gentleman on the down slope of life sat silently by us. Wise as an owl, he said nothing, but shed upon us the patronizing light of his countenance, which was rather a bore than otherwise. We were forbeen in their deadly grasp, she had gone and the farmer could not muster courage to mally presented. So it seems there was a husband in the case. Throughout that din-"What right has that man to give the sail to you? that—" I paused remembering myshine, she had passed, the great agony—she so young, so fair, innocent! The shine is a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he dismounted, and between them agony—she so young, so fair, innocent! The shine is a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he dismounted, and between them asked, he dismounted, and between them asked, he dismounted that in the case. Throughout the case is the case in the case. Throughout the case is the case in the case in the case in the case is the case in the case in the case is the case in the case in the case in the case in

HE WAS AMAZED

it, and found it an embarrassing and unprofitable state. I told him how I fell in with an old but much-respected friend, a lady who was pursuing her art studies in Paris. Before joining her husband in America

it was her wish to see something of Europe. I was about beginning the tour of Great Britain. She threw aside her brush, and together we set forth to view the land. consoled ourselves amid the vexations and disappointments of travel with a thousand recollections of home. All went well enough so long as we were among friends, but the suspicions of a stranger were at once aroused. the nuisance of that particular school, a squad I think it was in the Gap of Dudloe where of half a dozen rough fellows touched off at the approach of every succeeding tourist. A young man, one of our band?" she asked, and his reply was, "Because he takes such little care of you." was a student of human nature. Later we We were welcomed at the threshold by a portly servant."Can you give us two rooms?" I asked. "Certainly, sir; parlor and bedroom?" I explained to him that we desired weather. We were floating idly enough, two beds. "Ah, a double-bedded room?" was that we were suitably provided for in the chaste hosterly. The climax came in Edinburg. Our apartments were at the opposite and extreme ends of the building. It is the place a jug of hot water at the door of each one picked out of 10,000, but we would chamber of a morning, there being no waterpipes in the house. We had called the maid on the evening previous to the chamber of my

FATIGUES OF THE DAY,

How seldom is virtue rewarded, save in the | week." wrapped in a gentle and profound slumber. | you. Now, you see I don't know anything Nor did he join us in the smoking room; nor about book larnin'. No doubt you can did we see him more; but the Countess, with cipher that back seat of boys into the her flagons of Monte Fiascone, lounged lux- middle of next week. But they can fling uriously and passed her cigars with all the ease | you over the roof of the school-house in a er, so Captain Blackwood proposed that the shine and appears as if it were gilt-edged. of an old smoker. The cigaret is, of course, jiffy, if they have a mind to. I know every 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 9 a. m. natural to women, but we soon became ac- family in the district. I have nussed in customed to seeing a cigar daintily poised | every house, and taken the measure of every tention of the enemy's fire. "O! yes, let her nose-ring with impunity. As for the rest, go ahead," replied Nelson; but at the same a graceful disposition of the ample limbs was nuffed between coral lips that have just the same a graceful disposition of the ample limbs was nuffed between coral lips that have just there's one thing in your favor. puffed between coral lips that have just There's one thing in your favor. There'll Marshall, pastor. Residence—Hours of the eye first and held it longest, was a superb | work and gain the affections of them 10 great | 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 8 a, m statue, a life-size reclining figure, guiltless of | gals, and they'll manage the great boys while any ornamentation whatever save what was nature's own. A soft glow suffused the mag-Collingwood to Captain Rotheram, and at the didn't. Chum asked leave to present me, nificent undulations of the figure, for the same instant, without a spark of jealousy at and I was forthwith made known to Countess light from a tinted globe was directed full upon it. Floating home through canals as observed, "See how nobly Collingwood car- minutes we were like old friends. I have met dark as the Styx, it transpired that the chum others who came close to me almost as abrupt- knew the history of this statue. It was them big enough to throw me over into the modeled from a reflection in a mirror-it | big swamp with one hand. was the chef d'œuvre of the countess, it was herself! Ah, pretty prudes, how much of the light of this life is denied you by reason of

> Napoleon's Parents. [Harper's Magazine.]

the great cloud of your prejudices!

The family of Bonapartes were of pure dauntless and dogged courage of Nelson and | ing to undermine her reputation. A man is | Italian race; there was not a drop of French his seadogs. When a splinter from the fore supposed to be able to defend himself; I sup- blood in any of them. Their ancestors came brace bits passed between Nelson and Hardy, and tore away the buckle from the shoe of of consorting with those whose names are Corsica, and their names are found in the rethe latter, the admiral only smilled and said, nameless even in the best circles. We dined, mote annals of Ajaccio. Carlo Bonaparte was "This is too warm work to last long, Hardy!" The darkest hour is always just before the a poor gentleman of excellent breeding and Still, warm as it was, the English admiral dawn of dinner, but this hour was to us the character, who married in his youth a young and romantic girl named Letizia Ramolino, who followed him in his campaigns up to the moment of the birth of Napoleon. It is impossible to say how much the history of Europe owes to the high heart and indomitable spirit of this soldierly woman. She never relinquished her authority in her familv. When all her children were princes and potentates, she was still the severe, stern Madame Mere. The beauty and grace of Josephine Beauharnais never conquered her; prevail against the delicious fragrance of the sweet Tyrolese prettiness of Maria Louisa won from her only a sort of contemptuous court, from the court up to the broad stair- indulgence. When her mighty son ruled way, once trodden by the proud feet of a doge, from chamber to hall from gallery to whose chidings he regarded or endured. She a light broke in; we were fections of the 10 great gals.' So things drifted for si bouldoir, and there, at last, was the lady in was faithful in her rebukes while the sun by Mrs. Rittener, who knew nothing of any veying its splendor. Crowds, too, were relation between us, and who disapproved of wasting their wonder on the Flight. Where struck Nelson. He fell on his knees just worn by Aspasia. The boudoir was a cabinet undaunted spirit was still true and woman, who loved us as her own a poor artist while there was such a parti to was she? Who had spoken to her? Had she where Mr. Scott had fallen, and said "They of rare Venetian glass. We adjourned to the fallen. Her provincial son. A big fire in the parlor greeted our be had as young De Luyster, the wealthiest blase young bachelor of New York, or as the blase young bachelor of New York, or as the blase young bachelor of New York, or as the blase young bachelor of New York, or as the blase young bachelor of New York, or as the blase young bachelor of New York, or as the bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see her bone is shot through "The victory was all of the coast? Would any one ever see empire had passed away, and her grand- black silk, in her hand a mighty black ruler, children needed her aid. It must have been and set down before us with the air of a from her that Napoleon took his extraordi- Minerva. nary character, for Carlo Bonaparte, though the center of the floor; a harp was in a deep a brave soldier and an ardent patriot in his youth, was of an easy and genial temper, inclined to take the world as he found it, and not to insist too much on having it go in his especial way. After the cause of Corsican like the floors of most Venetian houses, was liberty was lost by the success of the French arms, he accepted the situation without regret, and becoming intimate with the conquerors, he placed as many of his family as possible on the French pension list. His sons, Napoleon and Louis, were given scholarships at Brienne and at Autun, and his eldest daughter. Elise, entered the royal instituboth the piano and the harp skillfully. She tion at St. Cyr. While yet in the prime of the scenes of the coming d sang bouffe with all the abandon of the Opera life, he died of the same deadly disease which Comique. Sentiment? Her own songs lay was to finish Napoleon's days at St. Helena; close at hand-fragments of Swinburne set and the heroic mother, her responsibilities becoming still heavier by this blow, lived for | how, when the trembling young master asked eight years longer amid the confusion and "Who did that?" the big loafer lifted civil tumult which had become chronic in his thumb to his nose, and execut-Corsica; and then, after the capture of the ed that significant gyration with the island by the English in 1793, she made her little finger which would make a savage escape with her children to Marseilles, where of St. John himsel; how, fired with the courshe lived several years in great penury.

The Rain Tree. Some travelers in Columbia, South America, in traversing an arid and desolate tract him down the area before the fire-place, of country, were struck with a strange contrast. On one side there was a barren desert, on the other a rich and luxuriant veget- he cast a glance at his accomplices and took etation. The French consul at Loreto, Mex- in the situation; the "10 great gals" had ico, says that this remarkable contrast is due to the presence of the "Tamia caspi," or the rain tree. This tree which grows to a height of 60 feet, with a diameter of three feet at its base, posseses the power of strongly at-tracting, absorbing, and condensing the humidity of the atmosphere. Water is always quantities as to convert the surrounding soil into a veritable marsh. It is in summer esnecially, when the rivers are nearly dried up, that the tree is most active. If this admirable quality of the rain tree were utilized in the arid regions near the equator, the people there living in misery on account of the unproductive soil would derive great advan- that only one had the heart to defy the little tages from its introduction, as well as the people of more favored countries where the limate is dry and droughts are frequent.

> Some Parliamentary Bulls. [All the Year Round.]

Miss Edgeworth tells of an English baron et who proposed in the preamble of a bill that certain regulations should take place "on every Monday, (Tuesday excepted.)" This needless exception was equaled, how-ever, by an act which, Lord Palmerston assures us, provided for the possibility of Good Friday happening to fall on a Sunday. Another bill proposed to be introduced was one to repress suicides by making it a capital offense. An Irish member is said to have If I might die myself, if I might have but easily, John," replied the nobleman. "When- he offered his sympathy in very choice Ital-"It is absolutely impossible for me to do one hour, one moment of this eternity, to ever you see another man in the same plight ian, and urged upon us the necessity of marthe liberty of the press, of a clause to compel face. From at it, and it will turn and look No. 361 W. Wa shington St. "It is absolutely impossible for the to do one hour, one moment of the same pight as, on a clause to compet the names of the authors to be printed on spoken before; not now—now it would be so," she said, with a little gasp. "If you had so," she said, with a little gasp. "If you had so," she said, with a little gasp. "If you had so," she said, with a little gasp. "If you had so," she said, with a little gasp. "If you had so were in just now, help him, and that rying at our earliest convenience. In vain I the names of the authors to be printed on will be thanking me."

MRS. SAINT CLAR assured him that I had been next thing to the title pages of all anonomous werks, it is a pleasant, kind companion.—Selected.

MISS KATE JOHNSON, D, of R.

TEN GREAT GALS.

would hardly relish the discipline of

boy-pedagogue in a roundabout. After the

first flush of elation at our election, the re-

water, that in all human probability, ere our

seventeenth birthday should dawn, we should

be seen vanishing head foremost out of the

school-house window into a snow-drift, pro-

pelled by class number one of big boys. In

our anxiety we applied to "Aunt Anna," the general oracle of the household. Aunt Anna

was a stalwart maiden of 60 summers.

gigantic in proportions, but every inch a lady

the children in town through measles, mumps

all family emergencies. There were sly

rumors that the occasional attacks of "fidgets"

which overcame the good old lady at night

had some relation to a mysterious black

bottle which she always carried in her work-

box, but Aunt Anna, plus the fidgets, was

was worth a regiment of ordinary feminines

"Well, now, you are really going to keep school in District No. 5," said Aunt Anna, smoothing down her big checked

apron and raising her spectacles for a good

long look at the incipient pedagogue seated

"Yes, Aunt Anna, I have promised to keep

"That's a serious matter. Now let's see

That sounded well, and armed with this

two of the "great gals." Never did we "lay

ourselves out" to gain the good graces of the

of that boardin' round. We rode on

THE FIRST CRISIS CAME

A light broke in; we were gaining the "af-

en, and we felt in our souls that fate was stand-

Were we endowed with the epic rage of a

KICKED IN THE DOOR AT RECESS;

spiked the guns of all but this wretch, who

slunk and begged under our hand-how we

father took off what remained of his dilapi-

dated frock coat, and trounced him until he

velled again, and sent him to school the fol-

lowing day with a compliment to the plucky

But, if the truth were known, it was not

we, but the "10 great gals" that did the bus-iness. They had so demoralized the attack-

ing columns by the magic of their charms

the day of battle came. And from that day

we crowned dear old Aunt Anna prophetess

Nature seems to exist for the excellent

Life is sweet and tolerable in our belief in

such society; and actually, we manage to

live without superiors .- Emerson.

of love.

work together for good."

young master; all this might be sung in he-

ing in the school-house door.

you keep school.'

evenings at home.

heard a whisper in our ears:

another week.

somebody.

that school, but, between you and me, I am

for the home-made uses of country life.

at the opposite corner of the fireplace.

and chicken-pox, and was the mainstay

in her dear old heart. She had nursed half

An Amusing Story of a Teacher, Told by Bethel A. M. Church, Rev. A. D. Mayo, in the Journal of Ed Corner Vermont and Columbia streets. Rev. W. C. Trevan, pastor. Residence, 214 West Vermont street. Hours of service: 10:30 a. At the age of 16, before we had discarded our "roundabouts," We had contracted to m. a 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m.

"keep school," in District No. 5 for \$12 per Allen A. M. E. Church, month and "boarding round." We knew Broadway. Rev. R. Titus, pastor. Resivery well the little red school-house, standdence, 113 Oak street. Hours of service: ing at the exact center of the district, on the borders of a mighty swamp, the farm-houses 10:30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at scattered about the hills, and we also knew | school 2 p. m.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

A. M. E. Zion Church, Corner Blackford and North streets. Rev-J. Holiday, pastor. Residence Missouri street. Hours of service, 11 a. m. 3 p. m. and 8. p. m. Sunday school at 9 a .m. and flection came back like a return wave of ice

Coke Chapel M. E. Church. Sixth street, between Mississippi and Tennessee. Rev. S. G. Turner, pastor. Residence, 251 West Fifth street. Hours of services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday at 2 p. m.

Brauch M. E. Church, Blackford street, between North and Michigan streets. Rev. James Caruthers, pastor. Residence, Massachusetts avenue. Hours of service, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. a. m.

Second Baptist Church, Michigan street, between Indiana avenue and West street. Rev. Moses Broyles, pastor. Residence, 270 Blake street. Hours of ser-

vice, 10:30 a. m., 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 9 a. m. Olive Baptist Church, Hosbrook street, near Grove street. Rev. A. Summons, paster. Residence, 106 Linden

street. Hours of service, 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 2 p. m. Calvary Baptist Church, Corner Maple and Marrs streets. Rev. Thos. Smith, pastor. Residence, --- Hours of service, 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sun-

day-school at 9 a. m. New Bethel Baptist[Church, Beeler street. Rev. J. R. Raynor, pastor. Residence, 123 West Fourth street. Hours of service, 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sun-

Mt. Zion Baptist Church, Corner Second street and Lafayette railroad Rev. Wm. Singleton, pastor. Residence, Bright street. Hours of service, 11 a. m.,

Christian Church,

Fabernacie Baptist Church. Corner Rhode Island and Maxwell streets. Rev. C. C. Wilson, pastor. Residence, 122 Minerva street. Hours of service, 11 a. m.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

panacea against rebellion, we opened school GETHSEMANE COMMANDRY .- K. T. No. 9 the Monday after Thanksgiving. It was a -Regular communication second Tuesday of rough looking set up on the high seats-that each month; hall in Judah's Block, opposite row of villainous-looking fellows, any one of court house. J. W. SWEENEY, E. C. H. A. Rogan, Recorder. Happily our first boarding-place was with

ALPHA CHAPTER No. 13 .- Regular communication first Tuesday in each month; hall in Judah's Block. lovely sex as during the first week W. F. MARTIN, Sec. C. E. BAILEY, H. P. the front of the sled with the tallest girl, CENTRAL LODGE No. 1. F. A. Y. M .- Regular communication first Thursday of each

played checkers with the second, got all snarled up in a "cat's cradle" with the pretty month; hall in Judah's Block. visiting cousin, and put in a word of expla-C. H. LANIER, W. M. nation for the "hard sums" of all in the long ANDREW LOCKLEAR, Sec. TRINITY LODGE No. 18. F. A. Y. M .-

Regular communications first Wednesday of at the beginning of the second week, when a each month; hall in Judah's Block. big lout "sauced" the new schoolmaster. W. M. HILL, Sec. SCOTT TURNER, W. M. Somehow it crushed us, and for a minute the school-room swam round, and the idea of Ladies Court. UNION COURT No. 1 .- Regular communiseizing our fur cap and making for home

flitted across our vision. Just then the patter cation first and third Monday evenings of of a light footstep was heard down the long each month; hall in Judah's Block. slope of the narrow aisle leading up to the MRS. CORNELIA TOWNSEND, M. A. M. seat of the "10 great gals." The tallest Mrs. SARAH HART, Sec. glided down, ostensibly to ask the explanation of a hard sum; but as we leaned over

LEAH COURT No. 11.—Regular communication second and fourth Monday of each the slate, with a dimness in the eyes, we month; hall in Judah's Block. MRS. OUSLEY, Sec. MRS. JAMES, R. A. M. "Don't be cast down! We girls will shame that seat of boys into good manners before Independent Sons of Honor.

Lodge No. 2.-Regular communication first Monday night of each month; hall in Griffith's Block. THOS, RUDD, Pres. So things drifted for six weeks, when JOHN PRESTON, Sec. dawned the judgement day. We had gone to board with a good, motherly Lodge No. 15 .- Regular communication

first Tuesday night of each month; hall in JOHN WILSON, Pres. Griffith's Block. MR. WALKER, Sec.

Independent Daughters of Honor. LODGE No. 2.—Regular communication first Wednesday evening of each month; hall "Now matters have come to a point in in Griffith's Block. your school; you have been trying to govern | ED. ELLIS, Sec. ELLEN SPALDING, Pres.

that crowd of rascally boys by love, but that United Brothers of Friendship. has come to an end. To-morrow they'll try GIBSON LODGE No. 2 .- Regular communito put you out. Take this ruler, and don't cation second and fourth Mondays of each come home to-morrow night unless you have used it up over the head and shoulders of month; hall N. E. corner Meridian and Washington Sts. T. HENRY DEHORNEY, Sec. THOS POOL, Master There was no appeal from that. A greater than the whole class of "great gals" had spok-

FRIENDSHIP LODGE No 3 .- Regular communication first and third Mondays in each month; hall N. E. corner Meridian and Washington.

Homer or a Pope, we might possibly depict the scenes of the coming day. How the United Sisters of Friendship. ST. MARY'S TEMPLE.-Regular communicaton first Monday evening of each month; ton streets. Mrs. Patsey Hart, W. P. MRS. MARIA OUSLEY, Sec.

Odd Fellows. GERRITT SMITH LODGE No. 1707 .- Regular communication second and fourth Mon age of despair, and a vision of our farmdays of each month; hall 85 and 87 East Washington street. Chas. Lanier, N. G. house Minerva, we seized the big oaken ruler rushed up the inclined plane, upsetting sev-HORACE HESTON, P. Sec.

eral small children, on the insolent scoundrel, tore the collar off his frock coat, snaked LINCOLN UNION LODGE No. 1486 .- Regular communication first and third Mondays of each month; hall 85 and 87 East Washuntil he roared for mercy; how, at intervals, ington street. EDWARD PROCTOR, N. G. SAMUEL SPENCER, P. Sec.

Household of Ruth. No. 34.—Regular communication first and wound up with an eloquent address, and third Wednesdays of each mon gave the whipped ruffian his hat, with in- and 87 East Washington street. third Wednesdays of each month; hall 85 structions to go home; how his sensible CHAS. THOMAS, Sec. MRS. J. MINOR. Pres.

American Sons. Regular communication first and third Mondays of each month: at American Hall. WM, DUNNINGTON, Pres. WILLIAM BARBER, Sec.

American Doves. Regular communication first Tuesday evening of each month, at American hall. MRS. KITTY SINGLETON, Pres. master, and he dared not lift his hand when MRS. MARIA OUSLEY, Sec.

Sisters of Charity. Regular communication first Tuesday of Gain the affections of the "10 great gals" in your school-room, "and all things shall each month, at Bethel A. M. E. Church, MRS. NELLIE MANN, Pres. MISS RUTH BEASLY, Sec.

Good Samaritans. JERICHO LODGE No. 5. G. O. G. S.-Regu-The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. lar communication, second and fourth Thursdays of each month; hall No. 361 W. Wash-BAZIL EWING, W. P. C.

ington St. BAZIL S. J. BLAYLOCK, W. F. S. Magnolia Lodge.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own No. 4, D. of S.-Regular communication first and third Thursdays of each month, hall Mrs. SAINT CLARE, W. P.D.